

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII.

MAY, 1844.

No. 5.



**M**AY has ever been the favorite month of the poets; yet in New England it usually disappoints our expectations. In more southern climes, it unites the soft beauties of spring with the radiance of summer. At the same time that it has warmth enough to cheer and invigorate, it does not overpower with its melting influence. The following lines describe the southern May, rather than our own:—

May, sweet May, again is come,  
May, that frees the world from gloom;  
Children, children! up and see  
All her stores of jollity.

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On the laughing hedge-row's side,  
She hath spread her treasures wide;  
She is in the greenwood shade,  
Where the mocking-bird hath made  
Every branch and every tree  
Ring with her sweet melody;  
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.  
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures  
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!  
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up then, children! we will go  
Where the blooming roses grow;  
In a joyful company,  
We the bursting flowers will see;  
Up, your festal dress prepare!  
Where gay breasts are meeting, there  
May hath pleasures most inviting,

Heart, and sight, and ear delighting.  
 Listen to the bird's sweet song,  
 Hark! how soft it floats along.  
 Pleasant dames! our pleasures share;  
 Never saw I dames so fair;  
 Therefore dancing we will go.  
 Youths rejoice! the flow'rets blow!  
 Sing ye! join the chorus gay!  
 Hail this merry May!

The old rhyme tells us that

April showers  
 Bring May flowers;

and how often have we been tempted, on May morning, to go forth, expecting to find blossoms, as we are told they do in other countries—and how have we always been disappointed! Still, May is a delightful month, even in New England, and none of us would be willing to let it slip from the circle of the seasons.

## Inquisitive Jack.

### CHAPTER IV.

*About birds in general.*

OUR friend Jack, having made himself familiar with the peculiarities of the domestic fowls, turned his attention to other species of birds. He noticed particularly those which seemed to possess gentle and confiding natures, such as the sparrows that build upon the shrubs round the house; the martens that take up their abode in boxes which you make for them, and place near the eaves of your dwelling; the swallows that build in the barn, and the cheerful robin that loves to dwell in the apple orchard. All these he observed with care, noticing their modes of building and rearing their young; the food they eat, the cries they uttered, and, in general, their peculiar characteristics.

From these, Jack passed to other birds, and carefully studied them also. At last, he was pretty well acquainted with the whole subject of birds; and now he observed several important things, which I shall present to the attention of my readers.

In the first place, Jack was struck with admiration at the formation of birds. They are designed to raise themselves in the air, and to spend a considerable part of their time in that subtle element. And how wonderfully adapted to this purpose are they! In the first place, a bird must have great strength, and yet great lightness: and how happily are they united! Look at the quill



of the wing—how strong, and yet how light! Who could have invented anything more admirably suited to rise on the breeze and cut its way through the air? Is there a human being who could make a single quill, even if the model were placed before him? Not one.

And then look at the bones of the bird. These, instead of being heavy as in quadrupeds, are all hollow. They are therefore a great deal lighter than those of other animals, while they are equally strong. And then, observe the structure of the bird's skeleton. What a wonderful and ingenious piece of machinery! Look at the wing: how easily it opens and shuts, and thus at once lifts the bird upward, and drives it forward like an arrow in its path. Look at the tail—destined, like the rudder of a ship, to direct its course—and how admirably it is turned this way and that, quick as thought, to guide the aerial voyager even among the intricacies of the forest!

Consider the feathery covering of the bird, designed to present a smooth surface, so as not to cause interruption in passing through the air, and to furnish a coat as impervious to the water as India rubber, yet light as the gossamer. How wonderfully are these objects attained! And now let us reflect upon the wisdom of the Creator, in designing a class of animals destined to soar aloft upon the air, and His power in accomplishing His purposes, as evinced in the structure of birds. How many millions of these beautiful creatures there are in the world! how diversified their structure, habits and instincts! and yet, let it be remembered that man, with all his art, cannot make a feather.

The music of birds is a very curious and interesting phenomenon, not only on account of the admirable variety and sweetness of the songs they produce, but for the strength of their voices. The lowing of the bull, or the roaring of the lion, cannot be heard at a great distance,

yet the little thrush can be heard half a mile. If quadrupeds had voices equal to those of birds, in proportion to their size, an elephant could easily be heard across the Atlantic ocean.



*Spoonbill.*

The variety in the forms of birds is a subject of great interest. How different is the duck, with its short legs, from the spoonbill, which seems to be walking upon stilts; the common barn-door fowl, with its short neck, from the flamingo, whose neck is almost a yard in length, and not half as thick as your wrist! How different is an ostrich, which will carry a boy upon its back, from the little humming-bird, which seems scarcely larger than a humble-bee!

Who can look forth upon the landscape, and notice the feathered tribes, glancing from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, delighting the eye with their

pleasing forms and lovely hues, and the | the heart with that aspect of life and  
ear with their charming melody, and | cheerfulness, which they throw over the



*Ostriches.*

meadow, forest and field, and not lift up his thoughts to heaven and say, "Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works—in goodness and mercy hast thou made them all!"

But I must not forget to say one thing more about Jack in this chapter. While he was studying the subject of birds, he was very fond of getting young ones, so that he might rear them; he also caught

several old ones, which he kept in cages. Now I believe that certain birds may be happy in cages, such as canaries, and many others, that are bred in confinement; but to catch wild birds and shut them up, is treating the poor little creatures very cruelly. I would not, therefore, be thought to commend Jack's example in this respect.

[To be continued.]



### The Deserts of Africa and Asia.

**I**N Africa, as well as Asia, there are immense tracts of land called deserts, which consist of vast plains composed of loose sand. Large portions of these are utterly destitute of vegetation, and sometimes, in crossing them, the traveller sees not a hill, or mountain, or human dwelling, or even a tree or shrub, or blade of grass. All around is a sea of sand, and far as the eye can reach, it is one scene of lifeless solitude and desolation.

These trackless wastes are traversed by caravans, which are companies of travellers usually mounted upon camels. Horses travel in these sands with difficulty. Their feet sink in the soil; they are overcome with heat, and parched with drought. The camel, on the contrary, has a large spongy foot, which

does not sink in the sand; he can bear excessive heat, and by a curious contrivance of nature, is enabled to go without water for five or six days. This valuable creature is called the ship of the desert, because it enables the merchants of Asia and Africa to transport their merchandise over the sea of sand, just as a ship carries goods from one part of the world to another, across the briny ocean. It seems really as if Providence had provided this singular animal on purpose to enable mankind to traverse the great deserts which are spread out upon the eastern continent.

The desert of Sahara stretches nearly from the eastern to the western coast of Africa, a distance of almost three thousand miles. Its width is about eight hundred miles. Its whole extent is

nearly equal to that of the United States. This vast region, though for the most part a scene of absolute desolation, has a few spots where the water collects in pools, around which some vegetation springs up. These places, which bear a delightful contrast to the surrounding sterility, and cheer the eye of the thirsty, weary traveller, are called *oases*. Here the caravans quench their thirst and repose in the delicious shadow of the trees. The deserts of Arabia are far less extensive, but they are of a similar character to that of Sahara.

It might seem that these inhospitable regions would be deserted by man; but they are not only crossed by companies of travellers who wish to pass from one country to another, but by bands of wandering Arabs, who spend their whole lives upon these deserts. These are, for the most part, desperate robbers. Thus, the lonely desert has its pirates, as well as the lonely sea. These thieves have not only swift camels, but swift horses; and it is amazing to see how rapidly they will speed over the sandy plains. They come upon the traveller almost as suddenly as the hawk that descends from the sky upon its unsuspecting prey, and they disappear almost as suddenly.

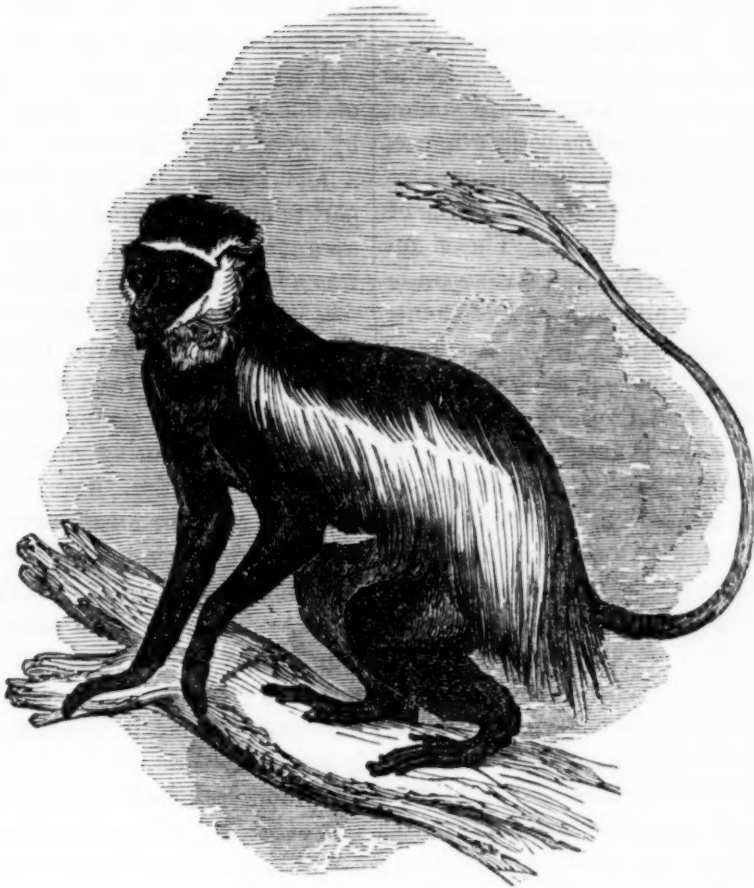
It might seem that these inhabitants of the desert would lead a miserable life, and especially that they would often be swallowed up in the terrific sand storms, which sometimes sweep over these wastes. The sand, being loose and dry, is borne upward by the whirling tempest, and is seen driving over the plain, like a terrific thunder-cloud. The experienced traveller sees the coming danger, and prepares himself for it. He

throws himself upon the ground, and covers his face so as not to be choked with the dust. The horses and camels, guided by instinct, also put their noses to the earth to prevent being suffocated. If the storm is slight, the party escapes; but sometimes, such immense waves of sand are drifted upon the wind, as to bury the traveller so deeply beneath it, as to make it his winding-sheet forever. Sometimes whole caravans, with their horses and camels, have been in this manner overwhelmed—thus making the waves of the desert as fatal as the waves of the sea.

Yet, despite the terrors of the desert, the Arabs are a lively and cheerful race. On their march, they stop at night; and in their tents, spread beneath the starry canopy, the laugh, the jest and the song go round. There are among them professed story-tellers, who delight the listeners with fanciful tales of enchantment, adventure, and love, or perhaps they repeat, in an animated manner, some fine specimens of Arabic poetry. Thus it is, that mankind, occupying the gloomiest parts of the earth, have amusements. As the steel is made to yield its spark, so the Arab finds pleasure in the desert.

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**THE MERRY KNIGHT.**—When Sir Henry Marshal, knight and alderman of London, received the honor of knighthood from George II., he fell flat upon the floor. The king was surprised, but on the knight rising up, he facetiously said,—“Your majesty has conferred so much honor upon me, that I was not able to stand up under it.” His majesty ever after called him the merry knight.



Dick Boldhero.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Various plantations—droll and dangerous adventures.*

**A**s I pursued my journey along the banks of the Surinam, I met with frequent plantations of coffee, sugar-cane, cotton and cacao.

The sugar plantations, at a little distance, bear some resemblance to our fields of Indian corn. The cane has a broad, long leaf, with a jointed stalk or stem. This grows to the height of seven or eight feet, and is very smooth and

glossy. The sugar-cane is not propagated by seeds, but by cuttings from the root end of the stalk, which are planted in rows or hills. It puts forth large silky tassels, which have a beautiful appearance. In eighteen months from the time of planting, it is fit to cut; the stalks are put into a mill, and from the juice that is crushed out, sugar and molasses are made.

The labor of Guiana is almost wholly performed by negroes. During the period when they are making sugar, they live almost wholly upon the juice of the

cane, and at that time, they are said to get very fat. The laboring horses, oxen and mules, though kept constantly at work, being allowed to eat refuse stalks, and scummings from the boiling-house, thrive in the most surprising manner.

The cacao trees bear the fruit of which chocolate is made. These resemble young cherry-trees, but separate near the ground into four or five stems. The leaves are about four inches long, smooth, but not glossy, and of a dull green color. The flowers are saffron-colored, and very beautiful. The fruit somewhat resembles a cucumber in shape. Its color, while growing, is green; but as it ripens, this changes to a fine bluish red, with pink veins.

Each of the pods contains from twenty to thirty nuts or kernels, which resemble almonds, and consist of a white and sweet pulpy substance, enveloped in a parchment-like shell. These are the cacao or chocolate nuts. When the fruit is ripe, it is gathered, and the nuts are taken from the pods, and laid on leaves or skins to dry. They are then put into bags, each containing about a hundred weight, and thus packed, are exported to foreign countries.

I noticed, as I went along, a few fields of Indian corn and rice, and I was informed that two crops of these are frequently obtained in a season. I observed the castor-oil plant, growing wild, as well as the cabbage-tree, which is a kind of palm. This derives its name, not from its appearance, but from the use to which it is put by the inhabitants. The leaves grow crowded together at the top of the stem, and when these are cut off, the central ones are found to be white

and tender, and when boiled, they are used as a substitute for cabbage.

I occasionally met with small patches of the indigo plant. This is cultivated by seeds, which are sown in rows, about a foot apart. In three months the top part is cut off, leaving the roots to shoot up anew. I used to suppose that indigo was a kind of mineral, but I now learned that it was made from these small plants. The tops of the herbs being cut, as I have mentioned, are steeped in vats. They are then pounded and put in water. The coloring matter, consisting of a fine powder, forms a sediment, which is cut into small pieces about an inch square, before it is perfectly dry. It is then packed in barrels, or sewed up in sacks for sale. The process of making indigo is very curious, and one thing is strange: the plant itself is harmless, but the indigo drug is a deadly poison.

Although I had frequently a lonely sort of feeling, as I pursued my way, and sometimes wished that I was snug at home with my mother and sister, I still found it, on the whole, very pleasant to travel in this strange land, and picked up a good deal of information, and saw many things that were quite rare and wonderful to me. I was constantly impressed with the strangeness of everything around me. Instead of forests of chestnut, walnut, and maple trees, so common in Connecticut, I here saw forests of gigantic mahogany, live oak, and other curious trees, the names of which I could not learn.

The birds, too, were all different from those to which I had been accustomed. The woods were all alive with flocks of

green parrots and red macaws, which kept up a constant chatting. The latter seemed perpetually scolding each other, and I could sometimes fancy that they were calling each other all the hard names they could think of. I saw a great many toucans, with bills half as long as their bodies; they kept bowing their heads and making a kind of motion, like a minister in the pulpit. Hence, the people call this bird the preacher.

I saw a great many other birds, most of which were adorned with magnificent plumage; but they had harsh voices, and were all very unlike my feathered acquaintances in the "land of steady habits." I once met with a woodpecker, which resembled the red-headed thief, who spears so many of our cherries with his long bill. He nodded his head, and uttered a sort of cry, which reminded me so strongly of home, that the tears filled my eyes, and I paused and partly turned about, for the purpose of returning. But this weakness was transient, and I soon pursued my way.

My path now turned from the river, and wound through a thick forest. It was no longer a wagon-road, but a mere mule-track. The weather continued very hot, and I suffered excessively from the bite of large gnats, three times as big as our mosquitoes. At first, I was half crazy from the sting of these insects; but by degrees I became hardened, and at last took it very quietly, even if one of these impertinent rogues thrust his little poisoned javelin into the point of my nose. At night I slept soundly, although these fellows feasted upon me

from the crown of my head to the tips of my toes.

The forests through which I was proceeding grew more and more dense as I advanced; many of the trees rose to an immense height, and festoons of gray moss swung from tree to tree, as if they had been decorated by the hand of art. Vines, with green leaves and gaudy flowers, wreathed the trunks of the trees, and parasitical plants, with blossoms bright as gems, and of every color and form, wound around their branches. Nothing could surpass the gorgeous splendor of the scene. It appeared as if nature, in a sportive and fantastic mood, had put forth every effort here to combine the beautiful and the magnificent, in the vegetable kingdom. And as if to captivate every sense, the air was balmy, and the sweetest fragrance was borne on the gentle breezes that stole from the forest.

I was so much occupied with noticing the curiosities that met me on every hand, that I did not observe, till the sun was setting, that my path had now shrunk into little more than a deer-track, and began to suspect that I had missed my way; and this impression was strengthened by the fact that I did not reach a negro settlement, where I had expected to spend the night. I hesitated, for a few moments, whether to proceed or turn back. Resolving upon the former, I pushed on with rapid strides. My path, however, grew more and more undefined, and at last I was completely lost in a bewildering maze. It was now sunset, and the shadows of night had begun to thicken around me. I attempted to retrace my steps, but could not re-

cover the path. Finding it hopeless to attempt to extricate myself, I concluded to pass the night where I was.

My situation was not a pleasant one. I knew that these forests were the abodes of wild animals, who shrunk from daylight, yet prowled forth at night without fear or restraint. But courage is apt to come with necessity; and seeing that there was no help at hand, I sat down, clenched my cudgel, and determined to keep watch till morning. I remained in this condition for some time, listening to the strange sounds that began to steal upon the ear as the evening advanced. The day birds had gone to their repose, and their various cries had gradually faded into silence. But voices of a different kind now saluted me. Reptiles of many kinds began their uncouth songs, and droned away for hours together. Birds, known only to these solitudes, and which, even here, were silent during the day, now poured out their music without fear. Never did I hear such a jargon as seemed for a time to fill the woods around me. I could easily fancy that strange and unearthly spirits filled the air, and were trying to see what a variety of uncouth songs they could produce.

I listened to these notes for a long time, with a degree of painful excitement. It seemed to me that a thousand voices had united in one wild chorus, as if to drive me mad. I stopped my ears to keep out the din: I closed my eyes to withdraw my attention from the scene around me. At last, the sounds began to subside, and darkness gradually gave way, and I saw the moonbeams tinging the tops of the trees. Silence stole over

the scene, and I fell into a profound repose. My imagination wandered to the scenes of my childhood. I was once more, as I dreamed, with my mother and my sister. They embraced me with rapture, and tears of bliss fell upon my cheeks. I remained with them for days, and a tranquil joy filled my bosom. We went to church, and once more I heard the sacred hymn, and the soothing, solemn tunes, which had become associated with all my religious emotions.

The psalm was ended, and the preacher began his discourse. He seemed at first a grave and reverend divine, holding before him a ponderous volume, containing the sacred Scriptures. But suddenly he seemed to change: his voice grew harsh and shrieking; his gestures became wild and antastic, and at last he uttered a hideous yell, and jumping out of his pulpit, fell with a terrible crash upon the two deacons who sat beneath. Startled and terrified, I suddenly awoke; but the scene which now arrested my attention, was even more extraordinary than that which had been presented in my dream.

At a little distance, was an open glade, upon which the moonlight now fell with a dazzling splendor. In the centre of this spot there sat at least a hundred figures, which seemed to me to be men and women, about half the size of life. Upon a branch of a tree, which projected over them, was another figure, who seemed to be addressing the assembly. He uttered the most extraordinary sounds, and appeared to be speaking in a very animated manner. His gestures were strong, quick, and emphatic. Sometimes he sat upon his haunches, and sometimes

he stood upright. Occasionally he leaped from one branch of the tree to another, and at times he swung off from his seat, and suspended himself by his tail. This last performance led me to conclude that if this was a congregation of human beings, they must be of rather a queer species.

I sat still, and for a long time observed the scene. Nothing could exceed the seeming eloquence of the preacher, except the sympathy and sensibility of the audience. They appeared to feel every tone and gesture, and responded by sympathetic grunts, groans, yells, and every possible variety of attitude and gesticulation. At last, the orator, having uttered a tremendous burst of eloquence, leaped from his rostrum, and came with a bound into the midst of the congregation. Upon this, they all set up a shout, which echoed far and wide over the scene.

I had become so interested in this spectacle, that I had risen from my resting-place, and advanced so far as to be near the actors in this curious drama. One of them now chanced to spy me; upon which he uttered a terrific yell. The eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon me, and, uttering a frightful howl, they all set out, and came bounding toward me. Never in my life have I been placed in a situation at once so ludicrous and so appalling. A hundred monkeys now surrounded me; some mounting the trees over my head, and some winding among the bushes at my feet; some howling, and all grinning at me, and making the most threatening demonstrations.

## Bill and the Boys.

*The story of the lottery ticket, concluded.*

**W**E might have supposed that the Trudges, being now rich, and having attained what seemed the summit of Mrs. Trudge's ambition, were perfectly happy. But this was far from being the case. They lived in a fine house, made a great dash, were admitted into what is called good society, and fancied that they were exciting the envy and admiration of the whole town of Buckwheat. But with all this show of bliss, there were many drawbacks to their felicity.

In the first place, as to Tom,—or Squire Trudge, as we must now call him,—he was a simple-minded, sensible fellow, and but for the example and influence of his spouse, he had borne his prosperity without intoxication. Indeed, as it was, he behaved with considerable propriety. He spoke to his neighbors, as he met them, much as before, and when he could get from under his wife's supervision, he would stop and chat familiarly with old intimates. He demeaned himself modestly, and seemed little elated with his good fortune. He was kind-hearted, and ready to befriend the needy; but still, he had many sources of vexation.

His restless helpmate insisted that he should dress "as became his station;" and accordingly he was compelled to wear tight shoes, which pinched his corns terribly, and kept him in an almost constant state of martyrdom. When he walked abroad, he put his foot to the ground as gingerly as if he were step-

ping on eggs. He was required to have his coat in the fashion, which trussed him up about the arms, and made those limbs stand out upon each side of him, like a couple of pump-handles. His neckcloth, of pure white, (as was the fashion then,) was lined with what was called a pudding; and to please his dame, who had a nice taste in these matters, he tied it so tight that it threw the blood into his face, and gave his ruddy complexion a liver-colored hue.

Nor was this all poor Tom had to endure. He was constantly "hatchelled" as to his manners, somewhat after the following fashion: "My dear Trudge," his wife would say to him, "do now try to be a gentleman. Pray wipe your nose with your pocket handkerchief, and not with your fingers! Turn your toes out, man, or people will never forget that you was once a pedler. Hold your head up, step large, swing your arms bravely, and seem to be somebody. In short, pray do be genteel."

"Well, well, wife," Trudge would reply; "I'll do as well as I can." The dialogue would usually go on pretty much as follows.

*Mrs. T.* Do as well as you can! and is that all you have to say for yourself? Oh, dear, dear! I'm afraid I shall never make nothin' on you. One can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear, as Shakespeare says. Oh, Tom, Tom, I wish you had a little more *jinnysyquaw*!

*Tom.* Jinnysyquaw! What the mischief's that?

*Mrs. T.* Just as if you didn't know what jinnysyquaw was! Oh, my dear Tom! you are as ignorant as the whipping-post. Not know what jinnysyquaw

is! Oh, dear, dear! This comes of not knowing French. Why, jinnysyquaw is a—a—a kind of something-or-other—that—nobody knows nothing about—that is to say—it is a kind of can't-tell-ish-ness. For instance, if a person has a very genteel air, they say, "*He's got the true jinnysyquaw.*" All the people who have been to Paris talk a great deal about it; and I'll tell you as a secret, Tom—Dick Flint whispered in my ear, the other night at Mrs. Million's party, and he told me I had the real French jinnysyquaw! Now, what do you think of that?

*Tom.* What do I think of it! I think he's an impudent jackanapes, and you are a—!

*Mrs. T.* Hold your tongue, Tom—hold your tongue! Dick Flint's the height of fashion: everybody is running after him. He's been abroad, sir—yes, he's been abroad, sir! That's more than you can say for yourself. So, hold your tongue, and listen to me. Try to be a gentleman, as becomes your station. Hold up your head, carry a stiff upper lip, and keep up an important air. There should always be about a person of consequence, something which says, "Clear the road, for *I* am coming."

*Tom.* I suppose you mean the jinnysyquaw.

This last observation was made by Tom with a quizzical look, as if he was poking fun at his spouse. But she took it in good part, for she was too well satisfied with herself to suspect that she could be the object of ridicule.

We have thus given some idea of certain vexations which marred the happiness of Squire Trudge. Nor was this

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the only evil of his lot. Though he had a sort of impression that he was so rich as to justify any degree of extravagance, yet he was sometimes disturbed by the sums of money which his ambitious wife lavished upon her follies.

Nor was that lady wholly without her annoyances, however she might seem to be floating upon a sea of bliss. She could not but feel the superiority of Mrs. Million, who was a woman of talent and education, and the only mode she had to supply her own deficiency, was to excel her rival in dash and splendor. Accordingly, she had fine horses and a splendid carriage. She gave parties, at which there was always an abundant feast. She appeared in the most costly dresses, and carried every fashion to its height.

While she affected to despise and hate Mrs. Million, she imitated her in everything. At last, she became so complete a caricature of that fashionable dame, that everybody discovered the ridiculous resemblance. Mrs. Million, far from being flattered by seeing such a grotesque reflection of herself, was infinitely more vexed at the involuntary homage thus rendered by Bridget, than she could have been by her envy and spleen.

A new fancy now crept into the brain of our heroine. Mrs. Million had just got a piano from New York, and, as it was the only one in the town, and a great rarity in those days, it excited quite a sensation among the fashionable circles of Buckwheat. Perceiving this, and determined to be behind in nothing, Bridget resolved to get one, and a much more splendid one than Mrs. Million's. Accordingly, the following conversation

ensued between herself and Tom the next morning.

*Mrs. T.* My dear Mr. Trudge, I wish you had been at Mrs. Million's last night. She's got the beautifullest *pianny* in her parlor that you ever see. Now I want you to send to New York for ope for me, and I want to have the beautifullest that can be got.

*Tom.* What's the use of sending to New York? Can't you get one here?

*Mrs. T.* Get one here, indeed! not a bit of it. Beside, nothing will do but one all the way from New York.

*Tom.* Well, well! I'll see about it.

*Mrs. T.* Well, let it be here on Thursday, for my *sorry*—that's a good man!

Here the conversation ended, and, on the appointed day, a huge tub, set on wheels, and painted green, was brought from New York, and trundled into the front entry of the Trudges. The tub contained a splendid group of *peonies*, in full bloom.

"What *have* you got there?" said Mrs. Trudge to her husband, who was standing by. "Why, the *pianny*, to be sure," says Tom. "The *pianny*!" said his wife, throwing up her hands; "the *pianny*! What a ridiculous blunder! Oh, Tom, Tom, you'll break my heart! You've no more hedication than a heath-hen. I axed you to get me a *pianny*, and you have got me a *pianny*."

Here Mrs. Trudge sobbed aloud, and it was a long time before poor Mr. Trudge could be made to understand the mistake he had made. He was at last compelled to order the piano, even though it cost four hundred dollars, and he considered the peace with his wife,

which he thus purchased, to have been cheaply obtained.

Another vexation which Mrs. Trudge experienced, arose from her servants. Sometimes she was familiar, sometimes imperious and tyrannical. She therefore secured neither the respect nor affection of those around her. She was accordingly accustomed to indulge in the fashionable outcry against her "*help*."

An incident which throws some light upon this topic, it may be worth while to relate. Mrs. Million had recently introduced bells into her house, and Bridget followed suit. The servants conceived a dislike to being thus summoned into the presence of their mistress. It struck them not only as an innovation, but as a rude and harsh mode of calling them. Mrs. Trudge's manner was not calculated to allay this aversion, for while the bells were being put up, she seemed to assume a loftier tone than usual.

When they were at last arranged, she attired herself in a splendid satin dress, took a bottle of hartshorn, reclined luxuriously upon a sofa, and then pulled the bell-rope, which was near. She waited a little, but no one came at the summons. She pulled again, but there was no answer. At last, she gave the cord an imperious twitch, which nearly sundered the wires. In a few seconds, the chambermaid popped her head in at the door, and said spitefully to her mistress, "You may pull and pull till you are gray, Miss Trudge; the more you ring, the more I won't come."

Such were some of the vexations which disturbed the brilliant career of

our heroine. There were others, also, and even those of a more serious character. But she still pressed forward in her course of ambition. She seemed indeed to be always in a flurry, and to keep everybody around her in a constant state of uneasy excitement. She was indeed never happy for a moment, and seemed ever to be tormented with the desire of chasing a phantom she could never obtain. If, indeed, she had any enjoyments, they consisted only of the fleeting pleasures which characterize little minds—the idea that she was exciting the envy and admiration of those around her.

Thus affairs proceeded for several years, but, at last, a crisis came. The extravagance of the family not only exhausted the whole of Trudge's fortune, but ran him in debt. His creditors came upon him, and as he could not meet their demands, he was declared a bankrupt. The event found Mrs. Trudge upon the full tide of fashionable dissipation. She was struck like a bird in mid flight. She could not, and would not at first, believe the melancholy tidings. It was, alas! too true, and she was compelled to submit to her cruel fate.

With scarcely a shilling in his pocket, and only a few necessary articles of furniture which his creditors had allowed him, poor Tom set out with his wife and children to return to the little brown dwelling, which he had occupied before his drawing the prize. They were obliged to go on foot, and as Bridget proceeded down the nicely-gravelled walk, thus taking leave of her splendid mansion forever, she felt a keener pang than

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can be well uttered in words. She was indeed the very image of despair. Her pride was humbled—her prospects blighted—her heart broken. Tom led the way, and though he felt for his wife and children, there was a remarkable aspect of cheerfulness in his countenance.

The party at length arrived at their dwelling. It seemed so desolate and bare, that for two or three days Bridget seemed utterly crushed. Tom treated her with great tenderness, and, at the same time, kept up a cheerful air. In a few days, Bridget's good sense and energy of character prevailed. She entered upon her duties, and before a fortnight had passed, she seemed not only resigned to her fate, but absolutely content. Tom whistled, and danced, and said that he was ten times happier than when he lived in the great house. He could now wear an easy old coat, and shoes that did not pinch his corns. Beside, he had been weary of the idle life he had led, and he now entered upon his old trade as a pedler, with pleasure and alacrity. The children soon became accustomed to the change, and, in less than three months after their downfall, Tom and his wife both agreed that they were happier in their brown house than they ever had been in the big mansion.

"Style and splendor may do for those who are brought up to it," said Tom; "but, after all, the comfort and content of the cottage are much better. Don't you think so, Bridget?"

"Yes, Tom, I do indeed," said the spouse.

Tom. It's almost equal to the *jinny-syquaw*, an't it, Bridget?

Mrs. T. Hold your tongue, Tom!

ANECDOTE OF A TIGER.—One day a singular circumstance took place in a menagerie near London, which shows the retentive memory of the tiger. A sailor, who had been strolling round the exhibition, loitering here and there to admire the animals, was attracted by a strange noise, made by a tiger, who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack, somewhat alarmed, sought the keeper to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which, he remarked, became more boisterous, the nearer he approached the animal. The keeper replied, that the behavior of the tiger indicated that he was either vastly pleased, or very much annoyed. Upon this, the sailor again approached the den, and gazed at the tiger a few minutes, during which time the animal became frantic with seeming rage, lashing his tail against his sides, and giving utterance to the most frightful bellowings. He soon discovered the tiger to be one that he had, not long before, brought to England, and which had been his especial care.

It now was Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognizing his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, he said, of "shaking a fist" with the beautiful animal, he was suffered to do so. The iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and his striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal seemed almost insupportable.



Miss Pappoo.

**H**ERE she is—Miss Pappoo—all the way from New Guinea—a specimen of humanity which shows the lovely, fascinating, bewitching effect of an exuberant quantity of hair. It is all her own, too! not purchased at Gilbert's, nor forced by beef marrow, antique oil, bear's grease, or Macassar ointment! No; it is pure, genuine nature.

It may be that there are some persons who cannot appreciate the loveliness of Miss Pappoo's locks; but every day, we see in our streets, certain young and middle-aged men, who strike us as kindred spirits. They possess long, tan-

gled locks, and an immense quantity of beard, covering each side of the face, the throat, and the chin. Sometimes it is permitted also to cover the upper lip. This bushy beard gives to a man the somewhat simpering aspect of an old goat; but still, it would seem that many of our beaux are delighted at making such a figure. Their great desire seems to be to run to hair.

It is to be remarked that in general these excessively whiskered gentry have low crowns, and of course a small quantity of brains, and probably the little they have is of rather an inferior quality.

Still, they seem satisfied, nay, delighted—conceited even—if they can make up this deficiency with an enormous quantity of bristles growing out of their chins.

To all such persons, we present Miss Pappoo, not doubting that there will be a sympathy—a fellow-feeling between her and them. They truly can appreciate a character so eminently distinguished for hair. She is a native of the great island of Papua, or New Guinea, lying in the Pacific Ocean, near New Holland. She is dressed in the highest fashion of her

country, and doubtless would pass for a belle of the first order there.

Now, if any of our whiskered countrymen, impelled by a fellow-feeling for Miss Pappoo, are desirous of a nearer acquaintance, we will do what we can to bring about an introduction between them and the fair Papuan. Let the letters of all applicants be written upon pink paper, perfumed with the otto of roses, marked on the outside with Cupid's bow, and contain a specimen of the applicant's whiskers.

COSMOPOLITE.

## The Old Man in the Corner.

NO. V.

### FABLES.

**W**E must not be too much captivated with the deeds of those called *great*. It often happens that their victories and triumphs over others are obtained by unfair means; their successes are frequently purchased by meanness and treachery; and thus it is that, if we could see the truth even beneath their rays of glory, we should sometimes be taught to despise, rather than applaud their actions. The fable that follows may throw some light upon this subject.

#### THE GOLDEN SHIELD.

There was once a famous knight, who went forth in search of adventures. Now, he was a great coward and knave, but he got himself a shield of burnished gold, and so brilliant was it, that every eye was dazzled which looked upon it.

When he met another knight, instead of giving him fair and honorable fight, he used to ride near him, and then slyly and unawares, would stab him with a dirk. His enemy would fall murdered to the ground, but the people, being dazzled by the glittering armor, would cry out, "Victory and honor to the knight of the golden shield!"

#### VANITY.

This folly or vice usually belongs to the weak and the idle—those who do little good to others, and are mostly occupied in thinking of themselves. Vanity is generally large and strong in proportion to the littleness of the individual who exercises it: one who is its victim, is incapable of judging of things rightly; even in the presence of what is great and sublime, he is blind to everything

except his important self. Hear the story of the

GRASSHOPPER AND THUNDER-CLOUD.

Upon the top of a mullen-stalk, sat a grasshopper, who thus complacently sang of himself:—

Was ever seen, in earth or air,  
As my sweet self, a thing so fair?  
My coat is made of shining green,  
My little wings are glossy sheen,  
My form is such as fairies love,  
My motions those that mark the dove;  
But oh! my voice, so soft and low,  
No music can so sweetly flow.  
The thrush is silent when I sing—  
The linnet stays on balanced wing—  
The oak doth hush its whispering leaves,  
No more its web the spider weaves,  
The rill and river cease their roar,  
And all around confess my power,  
E'en yonder passing thunder-cloud  
Pauses to hear, though yet so proud!

While the grasshopper thus indulged its strain of self-conceit, a bolt of lightning fell upon an oak near by, and shattered its trunk into a thousand splinters. One of them struck the mullen-stalk, and the vain insect was crushed in an instant.

## Pictures of Various Nations.

### CHAPTER V.

I COULD tell you a great deal more about the Indians, especially of the Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, and other tribes, which have been removed by the government of the United States to a fine country northwest of Louisiana, where they have schools and churches, and cultivate their lands, and

live much like white people. But I am afraid I am making too long a story. I shall, therefore, tell you something of certain queer tribes that seem to be a mixture of the American Indian and Esquimaux, and then proceed to other countries.

### NOOTKA SOUND.

Let us cross to the western side of the continent of America. Here, far to the northwest, we find Nootka Sound, which is a bay in the Pacific Ocean, discovered by captain Cook, in 1778. Around this bay live a set of people, who in some respects differ from the North American Indians, though they have many traits in common with them.

On board one of the vessels which first entered Nootka Sound, in 1778, was John Ledyard, one of our own countrymen. He resided in Hartford some time after his return, where he wrote an account of his voyage. That account I have seen, and in it he speaks of the inhabitants who live round the Sound.

He says that the people there resemble the Indians on this side of the Rocky Mountains. They are tall, robust, and well made; but in this last respect, they do not equal the Indians farther east. Some of the women, however, appeared quite handsome.

They have large and full faces, high and prominent cheek bones, small and black eyes, broad and flat noses, thick lips, and teeth of the most brilliant whiteness. They fill their hair with oil, paint, and the down of birds. They also paint their faces with red, blue, and white colors. They look odd enough.

Some accounts represent them to be a

quiet, peaceable people; but others say that they are bold and ferocious. They give some evidence of being rather a wise people,—they do not talk much; but, perhaps, it is because they have not many ideas. This last, I think, is true, for they have no books, and no means of knowing much.

I am sorry to add, that they are said to be cannibals; that is, they eat human flesh. Ledyard saw, when he was there, not only human skulls and bones for sale; but, also, human flesh ready cooked. This made the sailors shudder, and well it might.

The only inhabited parts of the Sound are two villages, containing about two thousand people. Their houses are made of very long and broad plank, resting upon the edges of each other, fastened together by means of withes, and supported by posts.

As you enter one of their houses, you find benches raised on the sides of the room. These are covered with mats, upon which the family sit and sleep. The fireplace is in the middle of the floor, but they have neither hearth nor chimney.

They have very fine furs; and when Captain Cook was there, he purchased some, not thinking they were very valuable, but when he arrived in China, he sold skins, which cost but sixpence, for a hundred dollars. Since Captain Cook's time, many vessels have been to Nootka Sound after furs, and made their voyages very profitable.

I will only add, that Nootka Sound lies west of Boston, about three thousand miles. But should any of my readers ever go thither, they will probably go by

water. In this case, if they sail from New York, they will proceed south along the American coast, round Cape Horn, and then north to the Sound. The voyage will take them about five months, and they will sail not less than fifteen thousand miles.

#### ONALASKA.

Before we return to the eastern side of the continent, we must notice the people who inhabit the Fox Islands, the largest of which is called Onalaska. This island lies in the Pacific Ocean, at some distance from the peninsula of Alaska, as you may perceive by looking on a map.

This island, also, was first discovered by Captain Cook, in 1778. The inhabitants here are described as being in stature about middle size, with full round faces, flat noses, black eyes and hair, but no beard; for this they pluck out by the roots as soon as it begins to grow. Their skin is quite dark, but is rendered still more so by the manner in which they live.

The inhabitants appear to be good-natured and benevolent; but if their anger is once roused, it is not easily allayed. Their common dress, in rainy weather, is a garment, made of the entrails of the sea-dog. This secures them against the rain. In dry and cold weather, they wear a garment made of feathers, curiously sewed together, and which costs a person sometimes a whole year's labor. Their hats are made of wood, and very much resemble an umbrella.

They are quite fond of ornaments, particularly beads, and small ivory figures cut from the teeth of the sea-cow,

and with the bristles of the sea-lion's beard—all of which they put upon their hats. The women ornament themselves with rings upon their fingers, and with belts of glass beads upon their wrists and ankles.

The houses in which they dwell are large holes, dug in the ground, and covered with a roof, over which earth is thrown, and grass grows upon it. In the centre of the roof a hole is cut. This is all the door, window, and chimney which they have. They enter the house, and go out of it, by means of an upright post, with pins in it. Their habitations are generally filthy places. They are filled with the smoke of burnt oil, which they use for light and cooking. They live principally upon fish and sea-dogs.

The canoes of these people are very ingenious. They build a wooden frame, which they cover with sea-dogs' skins. They are light, and are pushed forward in the water with amazing rapidity.

#### CANADA.

It is a long distance from the island of Onalaska to Canada; but as *we* travel, we are soon there. Canada now belongs to Great Britain, and there are many English, Scotch and Irish people resident there; but it was first settled by the French, and there are more French than there are English. Some Americans, also, have settled there, for the purpose of trade.

The English and American inhabitants of Canada are intelligent and polished people, resembling the higher classes in England and America. These live principally in the large towns and cities.

The common people, or true Canadians, are French. They speak the French language; but it has lost much of its purity. Few among them know how either to read or write. They are, however, quite an honest, hospitable, and inoffensive people. They are very poor; and no wonder they are so, for they are a very lazy people. They seem to have few wants, and to be quite happy, and contented with their condition. Within a few years they have improved somewhat; but it will be a long time before they make much advance.

At an early period of life, the Canadian is healthy and robust; but he soon looks old and sallow, owing to his exposure to the weather, and the toils of the field. This is also true of the women, many of whom are quite handsome when young; but they soon fade. Both men and women frequently live, however, to advanced age.

Canada is a cold country. The winters are long and severe. The inhabitants protect themselves when they go abroad, by means of furs, in which they envelop themselves. They travel, during the cold season, in a kind of sledge, or open carriage, called a *cariole*. In these, they glide over deep snows and frozen rivers, with surprising celerity.

At the beginning of winter, the farmers, who are called *habitants*, kill hogs, cattle, and poultry, sufficient to serve them till spring, as well as to supply the markets. The carcasses they store in their garrets, where they soon become frozen, and keep without injury; or they bury them, and dig them out as wanted. Vegetables are preserved in a similar manner. The French Canadians are

chiefly Roman Catholics; the other inhabitants are of various sects.

I DON'T WANT TO GO!—A curious incident occurred near Paris, not long since, in consequence of a balloon starting on its own hook, without the consent of the proprietor. A large concourse of people had assembled to see an æronaut take flight for the regions of upper air, but, unfortunately, before he took his seat in the car, the ærostat got loose, and the grappling-hook, which was dangling

from the machine, hitched into the indescribables of a boy, who was gazing, open-mouthed, at the ascending mass, and carried him up willy-nilly.

The women screamed and fainted, but the lad, who seemed to have been a hero in his way, clasped the rope tightly with his hands and his feet, and, with an awful rent in his aforesaid, was introduced by his inflated companion into the *upper circles*. After a short voyage, the balloon descended, and deposited the little fellow safe and sound on the firm earth



### A Chinese Dandy.

THE following description of a Chinese exquisite, is from a new work on China, by P. Dobel, formerly Russian Consul to China, and a resident in that country for seven years:—

“His dress is composed of crapes and silks of great price, his feet are covered with high-heeled boots of the most beau-

tiful Nankin satin, and his legs are encased in gaiters, richly embroidered, and reaching to the knee. Add to this an acorn-shaped cap of the latest taste, an elegant pipe, richly ornamented, in which burns the purest tobacco of the Fokien, an English watch, a toothpick suspended to a button by a string of pearls, a Nan-

kin fan, exhaling the perfume of the tcholané, (a Chinese flower,) and you will have an exact idea of a fashionable Chinese.

"The Chinese dandy, like dandies of all times and all countries, is seriously occupied with trifles. He belongs either to the Quail Club or the Cricket Club. Like the ancient Romans, the Chinese train quails, quarrelsome birds, intrepid duellists, whose combats form the subject of senseless wagers. In imitation of the rich, the poorer Chinese place at the bottom of an earthen basin, two field crickets. These insects they excite and provoke, until they grow angry, attack each other, and the narrow field of battle is soon strewn with their claws, antennæ and corselets.

"There is between the Chinese and the old Romans as great a difference as there is between the combats of the crickets and the terrible combats of the gladiators."

### A Thrilling Narrative.

THE town of St. Etienne, in the department of the Loire, has acquired, by its manufactures of iron and silk, the appellation of the Birmingham and Coventry of France. Though very far from contemptible, it is however, at most, only a miniature likeness of the two celebrated towns to which it is compared. For its prosperity, it is indebted to the circumstance of iron ore and coal being abundant in its vicinity. Among the coal mines in its immediate neighborhood, is that of Bois Monzil, the scene of the event which is now to be described.

On the 2d of February, 1831, about eight in the morning, when there were twenty-six men at work, a sudden detonation was heard, instantly followed by the roar of water, rushing from the adjoining pit. The cry of alarm was quickly spread through the mine, but only ten of the laborers were able to reach the entrance. One of them was driven forward with such violence, by the condensed air and the torrent, that his escape was miraculous; another was so terrified, that he hurried forward, without thinking to disencumber himself of a sack of coals which he had upon his shoulders; a third, who possessed both presence of mind and humanity, snatched up a boy of eleven years old and bore him away in his arms.

Eight individuals perished. Some of them were swept away by the deluge—but at least one of them had to endure a lingering death. He was heard for some hours knocking against the sides of his prison; at the end of that time the knocking ceased—the flood had overwhelmed him. The remaining eight workmen were fortunate enough to reach a gallery on a higher level; but, as it had no other outlet than that by which they entered, their fate was certain, unless the water should recede, or their friends could open a passage through the rock beneath them.

On hearing of the accident, the engineers of the mine hastened with their assistants to the spot. Thirty hours elapsed before the miners could penetrate into some of the lower galleries from which the water had retired. They repeatedly called aloud to their lost companions, but no voice was heard in reply.

They then struck with their pickaxes upon the roof, and after several fruitless trials, they were rejoiced to hear an equal number of answering knocks.

Measures were immediately adopted for opening a communication with the imprisoned men; the principal of them were the boring a hole through the rock, in the supposed direction whence the sound came, and the forming of an inclined tunnel. But there was much difficulty in ascertaining the point to which they ought to direct their efforts; for the sound of their blows on the roof, far from offering a certain criterion, or at least a probable one, seemed each time to excite fresh doubts. The rock, too, was so hard and thick, that the gunpowder employed in blasting it produced but a trifling effect; nor could the pumps be got to work, and they were therefore obliged to resort to the slow and incompetent method of forming a line of men from the gallery to the mouth of the mine, and passing the buckets from hand to hand.

The persons who were thus employed, had to work upon a rapid slope, in a crouching posture, with the water dropping all round them, and generally rising up to the middle of their bodies. They had to endure that which was still worse to men not devoid of humanity. The wives of the hapless miners had heard that all hope was not extinct, and they hastened to the spot. With heart-rending cries, and shedding tears alternately of despair and hope, they exclaimed, "Are they *all* there? Where is the father of my children? Is *he* amongst them, or has he been swallowed up by the waters?"

When it became known at St. Etienne

and its vicinity, that there was a prospect of saving a part of the victims, the whole of the National Guards, and several hundreds of miners and other persons, thronged to lend their assistance. The pumps were now got to work, and the line of men with buckets was consequently discontinued. Yet, notwithstanding the number of additional hands, the work proceeded but slowly. Such was the flinty hardness of the rock, that frequently the tools either broke, or remained immovably fixed in the stone. The water also filtered in rapidly through the perforation which they were making, and seemed to threaten another irruption.

It was now Sunday, and the spirits of the workmen began to flag. On the following day an alarming incident occurred which spread a general panic. A terrific noise was heard, which was prolonged in echoes throughout the mine. When their terror had sufficiently subsided to allow of their investigating its cause, they found that an enormous mass of rock had fallen into one of the draining wells. Though this fall was attended by no bad consequences, the workmen were so much disheartened by it, that it required much management to bring them back to their labors, and revive their courage and perseverance.

By dint of persuasion and argument, the superintendents at length prevailed on the men to make a vigorous effort. In a very short time, that effort was crowned with success. The instrument of one of the miners penetrated into the shut-up gallery, and was drawn from his hands by the poor imprisoned miners. But the man who had thus been the first to open a way into their dungeon, was

still more unfortunate than they were. At the moment when hope dawned to them, it set forever to him. He was the father of one of the men who had disappeared in the mine. His paternal feelings seemed to have endowed him with superhuman strength. Night and day he quitted his work only for a few minutes to return to it with redoubled vigor.

One absorbing thought occupied his whole soul; the idea that his son, his *only* son, was with those who were heard from within. In vain he was solicited to retire; in vain they strove to force him from labors too fatiguing for his age. "My son is among them," said he; "I hear him; nothing shall prevent me from hastening his release;" and from time to time he called on his son, in accents that tore the hearts of the bystanders. His first question, on the instrument being drawn from his hand, was, "My child!" His Antoine was no more; he had been drowned.

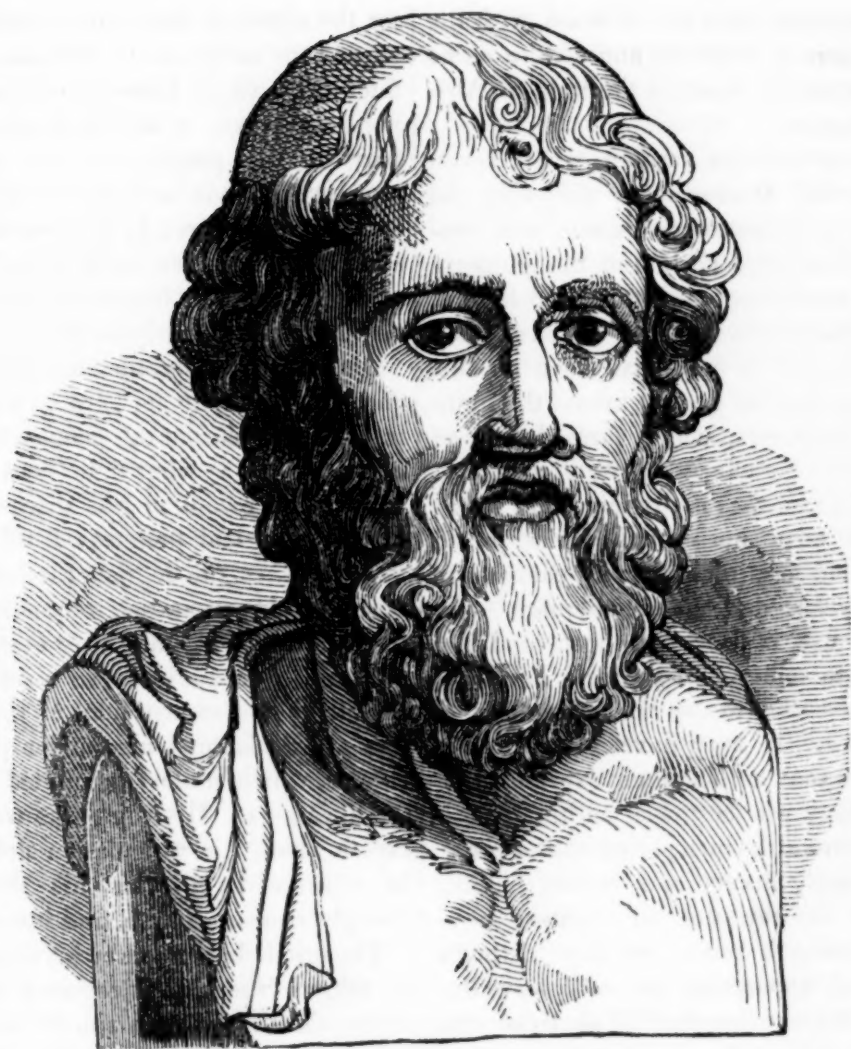
For four days, medical men had been present in the mine, to be ready to give their aid, as soon as a passage should be opened. They now directed soup to be introduced through a tube, and air to be forced into the gallery by means of bellows. Food was, however, by no means the most urgent want of the captives; light was what they first and most pressingly requested. A tinder-box was conveyed to them, but the vitiated air of their dungeon rendered it of no use. At first, they seemed to be strengthened by the soup, of which they had made their oldest and weakest companions the earliest partakers; but afterwards it had a contrary effect. They therefore for the present rejected the nourishment which

was occasionally supplied, and expressed but one wish, which was that their friends would make haste. Yet one at least there was, who had not lost all his gaiety. This was a man, named Ferreol. When he was asked what day he thought it was, he replied, "Sunday;" and upon being told it was Monday, he rejoined, "Ah, I ought to have known that—for yesterday we indulged ourselves by tippling freely—of water."

But though some of them retained their cheerfulness, the strength of all was rapidly failing. Their utterance grew gradually more faint; and about six in the evening, the last words that could be distinguished were, "Brothers, make haste." By ten in the evening, they had broken through sixteen feet of solid rock, and liberated the captives. Looking more like spectres than human beings, the miners, one by one, slowly traversed the gallery, and emerged into open air, which they had so recently almost despaired of ever breathing again. From the mouth of the mine to the temporary residence allotted them, the whole way was illuminated. The engineers, the pupils, and the workmen, with the National Guard under arms, were drawn up in two lines to form a passage; and thus, in the midst of a religious silence, did these poor fellows traverse an attentive and sympathizing crowd, who, as they passed along, inclined their heads, as a sort of respect and honor to their sufferings.

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GENEROSITY is a pleasant, agreeable, fascinating virtue; justice is more stern, but must be regarded as the higher virtue of the two.



Demosthenes.

**T**HIS greatest of the Grecian orators was born about 385 or 384 years before Christ, when Athens had reached the zenith of her literary, and had passed that of her political glory. Juvenal has represented him slightly as the son of a blacksmith, the fact being that the elder Demosthenes was engaged in various branches of

trade, and among others was owner of a sword manufactory. His maternal grandmother was a Thracian woman, a circumstance noticeable because it enabled his enemies, in the spirit of exaggeration and ill-will, to taunt him as a barbarian and hereditary enemy of his country—for the Greeks in general regarded the admixture of barbarian,

that is, other than Greek blood, with the same sort of contempt and dislike as do the whites of America the taint of African descent.

Being left an orphan when seven years old, Demosthenes fell into the hands of dishonest guardians, who embezzled a large portion of the property which his father had bequeathed to him. His constitution appears to have been delicate, and it may have been on this account, that he did not attend the gymnastic exercises, which formed a large portion of the education of the youths in Greece; exercises really important where neither birth nor wealth set aside the obligation to military service common to all citizens; and where, therefore, skill in the use of arms, strength, and the power to endure fatigue and hardship, were essential to the rich as well as to the poor. It may have been on this account that a nickname expressive of effeminacy was bestowed on him, which was afterwards interpreted into a proof of unmanly luxury and vicious habits; indeed, the reproach of wanting physical strength stuck by him through life, and apparently not undeservedly. Another nickname that he obtained was that of "Viper." In short, the extant anecdotes tend pretty uniformly to show that his private character was harsh and unamiable.

His ambition to excel as an orator is said to have been kindled by hearing a masterly and much admired speech of Callistratus. For instruction, he resorted to Isæus, and, as some say, to Isocrates, both eminent teachers of the art of rhetoric. He had a stimulus to exertion in the resolution to prosecute his guardians

for the abuse of their trust; and having gained the cause, B. C. 364, in the conduct of which he himself took an active part, recovered, it would seem, a large part of his property. The orations against Aphobus and Onetor profess to have been delivered in the course of the suit; but it has been doubted, on internal evidence, whether they were really composed by him so early in life.

Be this as it may, his success emboldened him to come forward as a speaker in the assemblies of the people: on what occasion, and at what time, does not appear. His reception was discouraging. He probably had underrated, till taught by experience, the degree of training and mechanical preparation requisite at all times to excellence, and most essential in addressing an audience so alive to the ridiculous and so fastidious as the Athenians. He labored also under physical defects, which almost amounted to disqualifications. His voice was weak, his breath short, his articulation defective; in addition to all this, his style was thought strained, harsh, and involved.

Though disheartened by his ill success, he felt, as Sheridan is reported to have expressed himself on a similar occasion, that it was in him, and it should come out; beside, he was encouraged by a few discerning spirits. One aged man, who had heard Pericles, cheered him with the assurance that he reminded him of that unequalled orator; and the actor Satyrus pointed out the faults of his delivery, and instructed him to amend them. He now set himself in earnest to realize his notions of excellence; and the singular and irksome method which he adopted, denoting certainly no common

energy and strength of will, are too celebrated and too remarkable to be omitted, though the authority on which they rest is not free from doubt. He built a room under ground, where he might practise gesture and delivery without molestation, and there he spent two or three months together, shaving his head that the oddity of his appearance might render it impossible for him to go abroad, even if his resolution should fail. The defect in his articulation he cured by reciting with small pebbles in his mouth. His lungs he strengthened by practising running up hill, while reciting verses. Nor was he less diligent in cultivating mental, than bodily requisites, applying himself earnestly to study the theory of the art, as explained in books, and the examples of the greatest masters of eloquence. Thucydides is said to have been his favorite model, insomuch that he copied out his history eight times, and had it almost by heart.

Meanwhile, his pen was continually employed in rhetorical exercises; every question suggested to him by passing events served him for a topic of discussion, which called forth the application of his attainments to the real business of life. It was perhaps as much for the sake of such practice, as with a view to reputation, or the increase of his fortune, that he accepted employment as an advocate, which, until he began to take an active part in public affairs, was offered to him in abundance.

Such was the process by which he became confessedly the greatest orator among the people by whom eloquence was cultivated, as it has never been since by any nation upon earth. He brought

it to its highest state of perfection, as did Sophocles the tragic drama, by the harmonious union of excellences which had before only existed apart. The quality in his writings which excited the highest admiration of the most intelligent critics among his countrymen, in the later critical age, was the Protean versatility with which he adapted his style to every theme, so as to furnish the most perfect examples of every order and kind of eloquence.

Demosthenes, like Pericles, never willingly appeared before his audience with any but the ripest fruits of his private studies, though he was quite capable of speaking on the impulse of the moment in a manner worthy of his reputation. He continued to the end of his career to cultivate the art with unabated diligence, and even in the midst of public business, his habits were known to be those of a severe student.

The first manifestation of that just jealousy of Philip, the ambitious king of Macedon, which became the leading principle of his life, was made B. C. 352, when the orator delivered the first of those celebrated speeches called *Philippics*. The word has been naturalized in Latin and most European languages, as a concise term to signify indignant invective.

From this time forward, it was the main object of Demosthenes to inspire and keep alive in the minds of the Athenians a constant jealousy of Philip's power and intentions, and to unite the other states of Greece in confederacy against him. The policy and the disinterestedness of his conduct have both been questioned; the former, by those

who have judged, from the event, that resistance to the power of Macedonia was rashly to accelerate a certain and inevitable evil; the latter, by those, both of his contemporaries and among posterity, who believe that he received bribes from Persia, as the price of finding employment in Greece for an enemy, whose ambition threatened the monarch of the East. With respect to the former, however, it was at least the most generous policy, and that of the elder Athenians in their most illustrious days, not to await the ruin of their independence submissively, until every means had been tried for averting it; for the latter, such charges are hard either to be proved or refuted. The character of Demosthenes certainly does not stand above the suspicion of pecuniary corruption, but it has not been shown, nor is it necessary or probable to suppose, that his jealousy of Philip of Macedon was not in the first instance far-sighted and patriotic. During fourteen years, from 352 to 338, he exhausted every resource of eloquence and diplomatic skill to check the progress of that aspiring monarch; and whatever may be thought of his moral worth, none can undervalue the genius and energy, which have made his name illustrious, and raised a memorial of him far more enduring than sepulchral brass.

In 339, B. C., Philip's appointment to be general of the Amphyctionic League gave him a more direct influence than he had yet possessed; and in the same year, the decisive victory of Cheronea, won over the combined forces of Thebes, Athens, &c., made him master of Greece. Demosthenes served in this engagement,

but joined early in the flight, with circumstances, according to report, of marked cowardice and disgrace. He retired for a time from Athens, but the cloud upon his character was but transient; for shortly after he was entrusted with the charge of putting the city in a state of defence, and was appointed to pronounce the funeral oration over those who had been slain. After the battle of Cheronea, Philip, contrary to expectation, did not prosecute hostilities against Athens; on the contrary, he used his best endeavors to conciliate the affections of the people, but without success; the party hostile to Macedon soon regained the superiority, and Demosthenes was proceeding with his usual vigor in the prosecution of his political schemes, when news arrived of the murder of Philip, in July, 336.

The daughter of Demosthenes had then lately died; nevertheless, in violation of national usage, he put off his mourning, and appeared in public crowned with flowers, and with other tokens of festive rejoicing. This act, a strong expression of triumph over the fall of a most dangerous enemy, has been censured with needless asperity; the accusation of having been privy to the plot for Philip's murder beforehand, founded on his own declaration of the event some time before intelligence of it came from any other quarter, and the manifest falsehood as to the source of the information, which he professed to derive from a divine revelation, involves, if it be judged to be well founded, a far blacker imputation.

Whether or not it were of his own procuring, the death of Philip was hailed

by Demosthenes as an event most fortunate for Athens, and favorable to the liberty of Greece. Thinking lightly of the young successor to the Macedonian crown, he busied himself the more in stirring up opposition to Alexander, and succeeded in urging Thebes into that revolt, which ended in the entire destruction of the city, B. C. 335. This example, as it well might, struck terror into Athens. Alexander demanded that Demosthenes, with nine others, should be given up into his hands, as the authors of the battle of Cheronea, and of the succeeding troubles of Greece; but finally contented himself with requiring the banishment of Charidemus alone.

Opposition to Macedon was now effectually put down, and until the death of Alexander we hear little more of Demosthenes as a public man. During this period, however, one of the most memorable incidents of his life occurred in that contest of oratory with Æschines, which has been more celebrated than any strife of words since the world began. The origin of it was as follows. About the time of the battle of Cheronea, one Ctesiphon brought before the people a decree for presenting Demosthenes with a crown for his distinguished services; a complimentary motion, in its nature and effects very much like a vote of parliament declaratory of confidence in the administration. Æschines, the leading orator of the opposite party, arraigned this motion, as being both untrue in substance and irregular in form; he indicted Ctesiphon on these grounds, and laid the penalty at fifty talents, equivalent to about \$45,000. Why the prosecution was so long de-

layed, does not clearly appear; but it was not brought to an issue until the year 330, when Æschines pronounced his great oration "against Ctesiphon." Demosthenes defended him in the still more celebrated speech "on the crown." These, besides being the most admirable specimens of rhetorical art, have the additional value, that the rival orators, being much more anxious to uphold the merits of their own past policy and conduct, than to convict or defend the nominal object of prosecution, have gone largely into matters of self-defence and mutual recrimination, from which much of our knowledge of this obscure portion of history is derived. Æschines lost the cause, and not having the votes of so much as a fifth part of the judges, became liable, according to the laws of Athens, to fine and banishment. He withdrew to Rhodes, where he established a school of rhetoric.

Demosthenes roused the Athenians against Antipater the successor of Alexander in Greece, but when that general triumphed, he fled to Calmesia, and took refuge in a temple. He retired into the inner part of the building, on pretence of writing a letter, where he took poison and speedily died.

Such was the life of Demosthenes, the greatest orator Greece ever produced, and one of the most famous that ever lived.

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MAN is made to live on the earth, but to regard heaven as his resting place. He must keep both objects in view: if he forgets heaven, he imitates the brutes which perish; if he forgets the earth, he will tumble into the first ditch that lies across his path.

## Walking on Stilts.

**I**N some countries the inhabitants walk on stilts from necessity. In England, boys do so for fun ; and it is astonishing with what agility, after a very short practice, they do so. Any boy may make his own stilts ; nothing is required but a pair of poles, about six or seven feet long, upon which some broad pieces of leather or iron hoop are nailed for the feet, so as to leave the top of the stilt within a few inches of the arm-pit. The boy may at first place his foot-holds very low, till he can balance himself, and then raise them every few days, till he obtains a complete command over them. I have known boys who had great command over stilts, to wade through rivers three or four feet deep ; which would be of some importance in certain situations, to which all are subject, as by such aids small rivers might at any time be crossed, and life even saved in a case of necessity.

I once, however, knew a boy, who, having attained this art in great perfection, was not content with amusing himself in a rational and innocent manner, but set his wits to work to frighten two of his playfellows, a little boy and girl, who lived in the neighborhood. He had often heard foolish people talk of ghosts, and thought it would be good fun to make one ; so he got a large white tablecloth, and having scraped out the inside of a turnip, so as to leave nothing but the rind, he cut two holes for eyes, made an enormous mouth with gnashing teeth ; in this he put a lantern, and putting himself on his stilts, which made him seven feet high, and fastening the turnip lantern to his hat, he sallied forth into a

by-lane, where he knew his play-fellows were to pass.

After a while he heard their footsteps and then he made himself ready by pulling his white garment about him, and placing himself under the shade of an old tree. Then he gave a loud, unearthly groan, and with a slow and measured step came forth. It was nearly dark, and a little girl and boy came gaily on, singing and dancing. But the moment the little girl saw the supposed spectre, she gave a thrilling scream, and dropped senseless on the ground. Her brother, poor fellow, who at once saw the trick, ran towards the spectre, and with a blow of a stick which he held in his hand, felled him to the ground. He then ran to his sister, but she was insensible. After a while, assistance came ; but when they had taken the little girl home, and put her to bed, they found that her senses had fled forever. The fright had turned her brain, and she became an idiot, and did not live many years.

Be careful then, my young friends, never to play upon the fears or feelings of your companions. It is not only very wicked, but cruel in the extreme ; and as the consequences may be serious, guard yourself against every temptation of the kind. A sudden start at the word "Boo," has been known to produce severe illness ; and it is by no means an uncommon thing to hear of persons meeting with sudden death through fright.

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It is pleasant to some persons to give, but if one gives only to gratify himself, he is merely selfish, and can claim no praise

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[For Merry's Museum.]

## THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

(Concluded.)

MR. MERRY:

Your young readers will remember, I hope, that they left our "little soldier" at the commencement of his journey homewards. Weak and faint from his long confinement in the hospital, without money and with the sad prospect of two hundred miles on foot before him, it seemed impossible to him that he could ever accomplish the journey. But "home," that blessed word, at mention of which, "the sailor, clinging to the dripping yard-arm," feels a glow of rapture, filled the heart of the soldier with hope, and he proceeded on. Children of the present day, cannot imagine the change which has been made in the country since that period. What was at that time a "wilderness," has now become a "fruitful field;" and where our tired soldiers at the close of the day sheltered themselves beneath some large tree, may now be seen the splendid hotel, inviting the traveller to comfort and rest. Then, too, at the night-fall, where our two friends heard only the mournful note of the "whip-poor-will," may now be heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, as it scuds over mountain and valley with the speed of thought. I cannot take time to give the details of adventures which cheered and discouraged our friends from day to day. They found great difficulty in supplying themselves with food; and I think it was in some lonely place, on this journey, that the sick soldier was fortunate enough to catch a young woodpecker, and he said nothing could be more delicious than the little bird. He pulled out the feathers, and ate it *just as it was!* He said it was meat and drink too, for the blood was warm! If I am not mistaken, it was three or four weeks after they left New York, that the two friends reached a village, called Farmington, in the State of Connecticut. They had been a long time coming a short distance, as the strength of the little soldier had been gradually failing during the journey thus far. Just at dark, after a day of great suffering from exhaustion and fatigue, they came to a house which stood on an eminence rather difficult of ascent. Here, the poor fellow's courage failed, and he said to his companion, "Let me stop at the foot of this hill and die. I can never reach the house,"—and he sank upon the ground, entirely overcome. His companion, however, had strong confidence that if he could have food and rest, he would soon be restored. He accordingly went to the door of the house, which was opened by a very respectable middle-aged woman. He proceeded to an inner room, where

an old man was sitting, reading the Bible. He made as earnest an appeal as he could for the friend he had left in the road; but the thought of having such a burden upon them, (for they were rather poor,) seemed more than they could bear. Now, whether the old gentleman happened to be reading in Matthew, the passage, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," I cannot say; but he did not hesitate long. "Let him come in," said he; "we will do the best we can for him." Here, then, new courage came to him, and, with the utmost exertion, he reached the door. The table was spread for the evening meal; and such a sight our "little soldier" had not seen since he left his father's house, where was "bread enough and to spare." He has been heard to say often, that at no other period in his life, was he ever so much overcome, as at the sight of that table! He wept and sobbed like an infant. The utmost caution was needed, or he would no doubt have sacrificed his life in the indulgence of his appetite. At this house he remained several weeks,—and I would to God that this account might fall into the hands of some of the descendants of that pious family. The man was named Thomas Cowles. A maiden daughter kept the house, and took care of her father. They were unwearied in their attentions to the invalid, and he began to recruit at once. His companion came on to their native place, and a brother of the sick soldier immediately started on horseback for him, with money to remunerate the family who had shown him so much kindness. When the young soldier came to take his leave, which he did with many tears, the good people refused all compensation. Now, I hope, Mr. Merry, some of your young readers will know why this was. Our "little soldier" loved and feared God. They had taken "sweet counsel together," and felt that they had their reward. Many years after these events occurred, and after the little traveller had been in the service of his Divine Master a long time, an opportunity was given to send to this daughter, who had survived her father several years. With deep emotion he took from his library a handsome volume, and presented it to Miss Cowles, with the simple quotation, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Should any one of the name meet with this account—a branch of that family—"may the Lord bless them seven fold," for their father's sake.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

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To make room for the remainder of the story of "The Little Soldier," we are obliged to defer our Correspondence until the next number.

# The Goldfinch.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM, BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

**Vivace.**

Goldfinch, pride of woodland glade, In thy jet and gold ar - rayed ; Gentle bird, that lov'st to

feed On the this - tle's downy seed ; Freely frolic, light-ly sing, In the sunbeams spread thy

wing ; Spread thy plumage trim and gay, Glitt'ring in the noontide ray. Freely frolic, light-ly

sing, In the sunbeams spread thy wing ; Spread thy plumage trim and gay, Glitt'ring in the noontide ray.

Fickle bird, forever roaming,  
Endless changes ever loving,  
Now in orchards gaily sporting,  
Now to flowery fields resorting ;

Chasing now the thistle's down,  
By the gentle zephyr blown,  
Lightly on thou wing'st thy way,  
Always happy, always gay.